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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

"JANUARY BILLS."

Our correspondent J. Forrest Gowan, Esq., contributed to the *Spartan*, on the 5th instant, a poetical hit at January bills. Another correspondent, thinking he had found evidence to convict Mr. Gowan of plagiarism, forwarded to us the following note, enclosing a leaf of the *New York Literary Journal*, printed sometime in 1856, wherein we found, as a selection, the same January bill, under the head of "Payments."

Messrs. Editors: Under the impression that in the "press of enjoyments," during the Christmas holidays, you have neglected to examine your "ex" or, at least, to give your "original articles" the proper "credit," we send enclosed a paper, not *The Spartan*, containing the article headed "January Bills" and "Payments," not but what we are very much pleased with J. F. G.'s "jeu d'esprit" and "daguerotypes in verse," but to show, simply, that the article referred to is, in fact, a *daguerotype*, [not the original].

Trusting you will pardon us for expressing the opinion that J. F. G. would do well not to discard "the chemicals" yet awhile, we have the honor to be, very respectfully, &c., Yours, till death, W. E. U. & CO.

Please send us a number containing the above, and oblige, W. U. & CO.

We placed the whole matter in the hands of Mr. Gowan for explanation. His surprise was intense, and he at once placed in our hands the proof that the poem was his, and originally appeared over his name in the *Charleston Evening News*.

The *Newbury Rising Sun* of last week also came to us with black marks around "January Bills," plainly intimating that we were *hoaxed* by our friend J. F. G.

To settle the question of authorship beyond controversy, however, our correspondent seized upon the incident to *daguerotype* it, in the following happy manner. We think his triumph complete: **THOSE "JANUARY BILLS."**

BY J. F. GOWAN.

I did not think, when first I wrote,
In "Evening News," these verses,
That it would bring upon my pate
A host of New York curses.
So, thinking it appropriate
In January too,
I coolly took my pen in hand,
And wrote it all anew.

The *Spartan* kindly published it
Upon his columns rare,
Not dreaming that the New York folks
Would meddle with it there.
But, lo! from out the Empire State,
I letter is received,
Which dares to tell our Editor,
That he was much deceived.

The "Literary Journal" says
The lines belong to them,
That J. F. G. had copied it,
They knew not where or when.
With this they are not satisfied,
But with ironic flings,
They compliment my benighted art,
And mention other things.

Now, J. F. G. plainly asserts—
With greatest ease can prove—
The "Journal" stole the "Bills" from him,
And published them, by Jove!
And did the Journal deign to turn
To *Charleston Evening News*,
'tated the 12th of July last,
And patiently perse,

He'd find upon the column first
This very envious piece,
Headed, I think, the "July Bills,"
Which will my proof increase.
And if he is not then content,
John Cunningham, Esquire,
Will tell him who the author is,
And all he may require.

Now, Mr. Journal, let me say,
Before I close my verse,
I care not much who'er you be,
How long may you perse;
But when you next attempt to take
Daguerotypes in verse,
You'd better use a better light,
Or take another curse.

For Chemicals and Poetry
Do not at all agree,
For men who praise the former mode,
But steal the rest from me.
Perhaps you want to try your hand
In copying now and then,
If so, insert this picture too,
And call it yours again!

HON. HENRY W. HILLIARD.—A paragraph which has appeared in several Southern papers in regard to this gentleman's purpose to change his present relations to his church is, we have reason to know, premature. The remarks made by Mr. Hilliard had reference to the future, and not to the present. It is well known that he has long been connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that his political and professional engagements have not prevented him from advocating in this city and elsewhere the claims of the gospel. It is not, we understand, his purpose to make any change at this time in his relations to the church, or to relinquish his usual pursuits, if that should even take place.

[National Intelligencer.]

There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch, & Co. The clerks are presumed to be Shanghai.

Dr. Livingstone's Exploration of Africa.

Dr. Livingstone is nearly forty years of age; his face is furrowed through hardships, and is almost black with exposure to a burning sun. He hesitates in speaking, has a peculiar accent, is at a loss sometimes for a word, and the words of his sentences are occasionally inverted. His language is, however, good, and he has an immense fund of most valuable and interesting information, which he communicates most freely. He is in good health and spirits. His left arm, which was broken by a lion, is in a plaster of Paris cast, and he will endeavor to get corrected while he is in England. He has an affection of the uvula, which will prevent him from speaking much in public for the present. This affection has been brought on by preaching in the open air in Africa. If he now speaks much he loses his voice, notwithstanding that he submitted to an operation in Africa to enable him to speak in public.

He has scarcely spoken the English language for the last sixteen years. He lived with a tribe of Bechuana, far in the interior, for eight years, guiding them in the paths of virtue, knowledge and religion. He, in conjunction with Mr. Oswald, discovered the magnificent Lake Ngami, in the interior of Africa. He traced by himself the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and explored one of the extensive and arid deserts of the African continent. In the interior of that continent he reached the eighth degree of southern latitude, that is, twenty-six degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope, far beyond the range of any former traveller. The Lake Ngami is far to the west of the hunting grounds of Gordon Cumming. Livingstone was in those grounds when the lion slayer was there, and they both met often. Livingstone never could make the Africans believe or understand that his countryman came for sport. They thought he came for meat, which he could not get at home.

The last news that Dr. Livingstone heard from Europe, while far away from the coast, was when he was near Loando. He then read of the battle of Balaklava. It was a twelvemonth before he heard further news. The wife of the Doctor is the daughter of Mr. Moffatt, the civilizer of the Bechuana nation. Moffatt had lost sight of his son-in-law for some time, and attempted to cross into the interior to see what was become of him. He failed to reach him, however, but he sent on by friendly tribes a package of books, newspapers, and letters. This package was brought to the southern banks of a river which separated two hostile tribes. Livingstone was then living far to the north of this river. The Southern tribes called to the Northern, and told them that they had some property belonging to the Doctor, who was held in great respect by both tribes. The Northern refused to cross over to it, saying that the books and papers contained witchcraft medicine. "Very well," said the Southern, "we leave them here, and if they are lost, on your heads be the blame will fall." They then retired. The Northern thought better of it, crossed over, placed the parcel on an island in the river, and built a hut over it. Twelve months afterwards Dr. Livingstone found the parcel there safe. The Doctor has been struck down by African fever upwards of thirty times. He has constantly slept in the open air in the most unwholesome climates, and he has traveled over "sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses," with no earthly defence, he says, save his own right arm, but under the protection of the Almighty. It is impossible to talk with the Doctor without discovering that he has a brave heart, and possesses quiet and enduring energy.

Dr. Livingstone explored the country of the true negro races. He saw a multitude of tribes of Africans, and several races, many of whom had never seen a white man until he visited them. They all had a religion, believed in an existence after death, worshipped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They considered themselves superior to white men, who could not speak their language. Lions were numerous and destructive, because many tribes in Africa believed that the souls of their chiefs migrated into the bodies of those animals. These natives clapped their hands together whenever they saw lions, to cheer and honor them. The Doctor and Mr. Oswald discovered the Lake Ngami by stratagem. The natives south of the lake always directed travellers to it in a straight line, which was at most times through an arid desert, which could not be traversed. Messrs. Oswald and Livingstone skirted this desert, and thus reached the lake, which was exactly where the natives pointed to it, by a circuitous route. Far north he found a country abounding in game, though at some parts the game had been thinned by the natives who had been supplied with firearms by the Portuguese.

At the time when Dr. Livingstone was supposed to have been lost, owing to the ship which contained his despatches foundering at Madeira, he was then in the interior of the country trying to seek a road to the sea coast. A chief was anxious to open a communication with the coast for the purpose of trading, and the doctor and a large number of the chief's subjects were seeking the means of doing it. The difficulty consisted in finding a route for vehicles, on account of the marshy state of the country. He describes the language of the Bechuana, amongst whom he lived, as remarkably sweet and expressive. It has none of the clicking sound which distinguishes the Boshiman language. The whole of the dialects of the African tribes have affinities one with another, a circumstance which assists a traveler, who understands one dialect, to make himself intelligible in another.

The doctor left the interior of Africa by descending the river Quamaan, which empties itself in the Mozambique Channel. It was in an attempt to find him that several of the crew of H. M. B. Dart were drowned. He hopes next year to enter Africa by the east, and proceed to extend his

discoveries. Although so long away from the abodes of civilized men, he has not lost the manners and polish of a gentleman.

Dr. Livingstone arrived in London on Saturday, the 13th, from Southampton, to meet Sir Roderick Murchison and other savans, in order to prepare corrected maps of Southern Africa, for the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. It is singular that the Doctor has found the old maps of Africa more accurate than the modern ones. He has found a large portion of that space which is represented by a blank in South African maps to consist of fertile countries, inhabited by populous tribes, and interspersed by large rivers.

It is most important to observe that the farther he traveled into the interior of Africa, the more civilized and numerous he found the inhabitants. They were less ferocious and suspicious, had better and more settled forms of government, and more wants than the tribes which lived nearer the sea coasts. He met with tribes in the interior who practised inoculation, and knew the medicinal virtues of quinine, although they did not administer it in the concentrated form as prepared in Europe; and moreover, they had a tradition of Noah's deluge. They traded in ivory and gold, which were sold by one tribe to another until these articles reached Europeans on the sea coast. The number of large animals of the chase which Dr. Livingstone met with between the 8th and 22d degree of south latitude was perfectly marvellous. They find their subsistence upon extensive plains of coarse herbage, which, together with the abundant water melons, enable both man and beast to travel in Africa. Many tribes in that country, however, cannot be traced on account of insects that sting beasts of burden to madness. The doctor describes the fear of African wild beasts to be much greater in England than in Africa.

The chief documents which Dr. Livingstone had prepared relative to his travels and discoveries, he unfortunately lost while crossing an African river, in which also he nearly lost his life; but he has stores of memoranda of the utmost interest as to the ethnology, natural history, philology, geography, and geology of the African continent.

Dr. Livingstone received a hearty reception at the Geographical Society on Monday evening, and was presented with the gold medal of the institution.

On the 15th, a public reception was given by the friends and admirers of Dr. Livingstone, to that gentleman, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. The Earl of Shaftsbury presided, and after several complimentary speeches had been delivered, it was moved by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, seconded by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P.: "That this meeting presents its most cordial congratulations to the Rev. David Livingstone, LL. D., on his safe arrival in his native country, after an absence of sixteen years, occupied in missionary labors and travels in South Africa. It certifies the highest admiration of that Christian benevolence, courage and perseverance by which he was animated and sustained throughout his extended and perilous journeys in those hitherto unexplored regions; and the meeting hereby devoutly acknowledges the merciful providence of God, by which Dr. Livingstone was befriended and preserved amidst the manifold dangers and gigantic difficulties of his noble enterprise, and by which his self-denying and indefatigable efforts to open a channel for the introduction of Christianity, with its unnumbered blessings, to the unlighted millions of South Africa, have been crowned with the happiest success." The reverend doctor, in the course of a long and eloquent speech, returned thanks, and the meeting separated.

The Commercial Gazette of Port Louis, Mauritius, contains an outline of a lecture delivered by Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, in which he gave an interesting description of the peculiarities, climates, vegetation, and population of Africa. The lecturer said that the first, or eastern zone, was distinguished by a much more humid climate than either of the others. This was caused by the prevailing winds being easterly. The inhabitants were athletic, tall and brave. The second or middle zone was comparatively flat and arid. The inhabitants, called Bechuana, though originally of the same stock as the Caffres, are not so well developed physically, and though as fond of cattle and agriculture as the Caffres, are by no means so brave a people. They are divided into upwards of twenty tribes, and live in towns governed by hereditary chieftains, who maintain their power by a system of espionage and rearing cattle.

Allusion was then made by the lecturer to the rain doctors, who were chiefly adventurers from other tribes. They resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time, in the hope that clouds might collect and permit them to gain credit by bringing their operations to a close just at the moment when rain commenced. They were then sure of a liberal reward. In Africa, where rain was sometimes of so much importance, prophetic anticipations respecting it were much looked to. The Bechuana were generally frugal and industrious. They were fond of show and glitter. As much as £40 had been given for a superior English rifle. The women were not well treated by the Bechuana or Caffres. They were, however, complete mistresses of the houses and the produce of the garden. A man did not dare to enter his wife's hut in her absence. The middle zone was nearly flat and very sandy, but it was not a desert, like portions of the north of Africa. There was abundant vegetation, but water was very scarce. The inhabitants, called "Bakalari," and bushmen, managed to subsist with a very small supply of the precious fluid, for there are many tuberous roots which contain, in their cellular tissues, supplies of pure cold water. In the plains were immense numbers of ostriches and herds of large antelopes, which can subsist for months without water. The animals which cannot live without water were the elephant and rhinoceros, the giraffe, pallah, buffalo, lions

and hyenas. When these animals are met, there is almost a certainty of water being found in the country.

Immediately beyond the bushmen and Bakalari, there was a curious race of people called Bakoba or Baziya. They lived on the river Zanga and other rivers, and were the Quakers of the body politics in Africa. They never fight, but submit quietly to every tribe which conquers the country adjacent to the rivers on which they always reside. They say they never fight, because their forefathers tried to do so once with bows made of palm christi, and as they broke they gave up the practice entirely. The spirit of trade is strong in the African.

There seems to be a scarcity of diseases in Africa—no consumption, or scrofula, hydrophobia, cancer, cholera, small pox or measles. In every village there were crowds of children. This explains why, notwithstanding all their wars and kidnapping, they continue to dwell in the presence of all their brethren. It seems as if they were preserved (said the lecturer) by Divine Providence for purposes of mercy, as distinctly as God's ancient people, the Jews.

HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.—The Brownsville (Texas) Flag notices a case of superstitious barbarism which almost surpasses belief. It is said to have occurred in Matamoros, Mexico, about a month ago:

It seems that a young lady of Matamoros was taken sick, and an old lady of the neighborhood, reported to have some skill in the virtue of herbs, was solicited to visit and administer to the patient. From some cause or other the old lady failed to attend, and suspicious reports were circulated that the old lady had bewitched the young one. The authorities were petitioned to compel the attendance of the old one. Officers were sent to take her before her supposed victim, and these miserably ignorant wretches reported that they, on several occasions, repaired to her domicile and could not find her at home, but found instead a suspicious looking black cat. After several efforts, however, they found the old woman at home, instead of her cat, and she was taken to the presence of the invalid.

But her herbs failed to restore the sick to health, and the middlemost black cat persisted in following its owner, and being by the neighbors found in the room of the invalid instead of her mistress, fixed the opinion fast in the minds of these ignorant people, that the old woman and black cat were one and the same person—that she being a witch could take the form of the cat and assume her own shape at will—that the invalid was a victim to her diabolical art. With these convictions, it is said, they sought out the unfortunate old creature, and actually tied her up and with thoughts cruelly flogged her to death as a witch.

In justice to the civil authorities of Matamoros, we are happy to state that they were not a party to the tragic part of this singular transaction, and that they were prompt in arresting the actors. But what a mournful picture does it present in this enlightened age!

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Dischop Meade, of Virginia, has for some time been engaged in writing the history of the old churches, ministers and families in Virginia. In a recent communication in the Southern Churchman, the Bishop speaks of Governor Page, who was a member of Congress, which then sat in the city of New York. He made it a practice to write home frequently to his children. In one of his letters to his son, written 68 years ago, Governor Page says:

"This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared to it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New York together. The streets here are badly paved, very dirty, and narrow, as well as crooked, and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone and brick buildings, and full of hogs and mud. The College, St. Paul's Church, and the Hospital are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall, also, in which Congress is to sit, is elegant. What is very remarkable here is, that there is but one well of water which furnishes the inhabitants with drink, so that water is bought here by every one that drinks it, except the owner of this well. Four carts are continually going about selling it at three gallons for a copper—that is, a penny for every three gallons of water. The other wells and pumps serve for washing, and nothing else.

The New York Commercial says that there are some at the present day who remember the "Old Ten-Water Pump," which afforded that supply.

A NEW IDEA.—Yesterday after dinner we were induced very snugly in our old arm chair, musing upon—nothing in particular—when our better half rushed into our presence almost breathless, and exclaimed: "Husband, is there a cooper shop in town?" "No," we replied, "what do you want?" "Oh!" said she, "I have just learned such a GREAT SECRET, and have promised not to tell it, and I want to get hooped, for I am afraid, if I don't tell it, I'll burst." We faint.

PRESENTATION.—Last week we recorded several distinguished presentations that had lately taken place, and now we have to announce another. Our public spirited friend, J. Q. R., presented to our distinguished young friend, J. P. B., on the evening of the 26th ult., a magnificent white pocket handkerchief. Several speeches were made. Every thing went off with a great deal of eclat and considerable egg nog. We had employed a reporter to be in attendance, with a view to giving our readers full particulars, but the unmitigated scamp got egg-nogged, and the last we saw of him he was afflicted with weakness of the knees, and singing "bobbins around."

The Sheriff of this county, Mr. John H. Murray, has requested us to say that he will receive the bills of "The People's Bank," S. C., in payment for taxes.

[Engineer (Miss) Intelligencer.]

Legislative Lines.

The following *jeu d'esprit* on the Roll of the House of Representatives was perpetrated by a member of that body, who is distinguished for his learning and wit. Having presented us with the manuscript, we feel at liberty to make a few extracts from it:

"In the present House of Representatives of South Carolina there are an AMBLER and a LEGERT (pronounced Legit) in the *perpetual* line; a CARTER in the *vehicular* line; and a McCARTER in the *Book* line. A Baily in the *municipal* line; a Clarke in the *sub official* line; a Beatty in the *pugnacious* line; a Black and a Whyte in the *opposition* line; a Blackwell in the *boot* line; a Bland in the *courteous* line; a Blum (pronounced Bloom) in the *floral* line; a Bratton in the *brat* line, and a Broyles in the *beefsteak* line.

A Carville in the *sunning* or *persuasive* line; a Caut-ben in the *coop* or *trap* line; a Chambers in the *bed* line.

A Dantzer in the *polk* line.

Two Earles in the *line of nobility*; an Easy in the *"free and easy"* line; an Edings in the *bay* line; and Edwards in the *meta-physico-religious* line.

Farrow in the *bank* line; and Fuller in the *cloth* line.

Good-win and Win-smith in the *winning* line; a Graham in the *bacon* line; a bunch of Greens in the *vegetable* line; a Gregg in the *granite* line; a Griffin and a Hart in the *fore nature* line; and a Hardy in the *robust* line.

Two Johnsons in the *dictionary* line.

A King in the *royal* line; an Elliot in the *Port-royal* line.

Two Kirks in the *ecclesiastical* line.

A Merriweather in the *sheep husbandry* line; a Miley in the *mileage* line; Miller in the *mealy* line; a Moony in the *lunar* line; a Murray in the *grammatical* line; and a Mullain in the *medico-cautious* line. An O'Chain in the *Gutta serena* line.

Two Pops in the *pontifical* line; a Smart in the *sparkling* line; and a Ray-mond in the *sparkling* line.

A Rice in the *cecestral* line; a Seaborn in the *Oceanic* line; a Seymour in the *optical* line; a Smith in the *mechanical* line; and a Sullivan in the *insular* line.

A Weston in the *eastern* line; a Whiting in the *fish* line; and a Whaley in the *high* line; a Wilds and Wood in the *forest* line.

And a Yeardon in the *privileged* or *election* line.

Mr. Yeardon was Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

[Anderson Gazette.]

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FAMILY.—A late letter from Paris has the following:

The Prince Imperial was yesterday, in spite of the coldness of the weather, taken out for air and exercise in the garden and court of the Tuileries. In the afternoon his imperial highness was carried in the carriage, with a military escort, to the Park of Monceaux, where he remained an hour and a half. What he may grow up to it is impossible to say; but though a strong, healthy looking child, he is assuredly, at present, far from prepossessing in appearance; the mouth is gross and altogether uncomely; the cheek bones are long and prominent; the complexion is swarthy. But he is just as a young eagle. Scarcely nine months old, he rolls himself over and over after any object which attracts him, with surprising agility, and shows all the germs of future despotism in his determined manner of exercising his free will on all matters within his domain. The fondness of the imperial parents is absolutely intense, and the genuine amiability of both is never more apparent than when the child is in their presence.

As to the Empress, it seems to be the only thing that was waiting to draw out the great depths of her character; and in the duties of maternity she displays a grave solidity and womanly earnestness of which she was not always supposed capable. The health of the Emperor, if it were affected to the degree so generally reported, is surprisingly recovered. He now rises at 7 o'clock, is frequently at work in his cabinet by candle light, and at 10 receives his ministers, marshals and high functionaries, as heretofore. The only difference in him by those who are most intimately associated with him—and I am speaking on the best information—is that he is often seized with long fits of abstraction, and will sit for hours sometimes doing nothing; and yet it is evident that this is not a state of inaction, for there are unmistakable indications of his mind being in constant operation. He has an affection of the instep—a sort of the douloureux, as he calls it—which often prevents him drawing on his boot, and indisposes him to move about. His general health appears excellent, and thus secures him from the imputation of gout.

PARSON BROWNLOW AND HIS JONESTOWN CUSTOMERS.—The last Knoxville Whig contains a characteristic and pathetic appeal from its editor to his former customers at Jonestown, where the Whig was originally published. He offers to take bills on the Bank of East Tennessee, which are worth twenty cents to the dollar, in full payment, and adds:

"Persons wishing to square up with us can now do so. If, however, they wish to get off at a cheaper rate, they can withhold even these bills, and we promise during the coming year to receipt them in full through the paper, forever, and file our claims against them in the High Chancery of Heaven, and let them settle with their God in the world to come!"

"And to leave all without excuse, we further agree to take Shanghai chickens, hoop-skirts, boot jacks, broom-corn, baby-jumpers, fishing tackle, patent medicines, sucking-pigs, frozen cabbage, old clothes, Colt's revolvers, second hand tooth brushes, ginger-cakes, parched corn, circus tickets, or any other articles found in a country retail store!"

Plays of Shakspeare—Who Wrote Them?

An interesting controversy has arisen in the literary world in England, as well as in this country, as to the authorship of the plays generally attributed to William Shakspeare. William Henry Smith, of London, has impugned the validity of his claims, and transferred his claims to Lord Bacon. This bold heretic commences his onslaught on the Bard of Avon by citing a passage from the writings of Alexander Pope, in which the poet gives it as his opinion that the "plays attributed to William Shakspeare were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration, and no other owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor."

Mr. Smith describes Shakspeare as an uneducated man, incapable of producing the drama with which his name is associated, and represents him as no higher than a theatrical factotum, being sole owner of the wardrobe and the properties; in a word, as the manager and superintendent of the mechanical department of the theatre.

In favor of the pretensions of Lord Bacon, he puts forward the following argument: Bacon, in 1557, composed the *Dumb Shows*, acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich. It was a mask, and this is adduced in proof of his dramatic capabilities; besides, his familiar conversation is known to have been peculiarly dramatic in tone. In 1621 he was politically disgraced, and devoted himself to collect and arrange his literary works. In 1623 appeared the folio of the plays, which had always been attributed to Shakspeare. Now, who made the selection? who alone was competent to make it? who could classify the 36 plays contained in the folio? Clearly no person but the author himself, or a person deputed by the author. The folio appeared under the names of John Hunnig and Henry Condell, the players; but Mr. Smith considers the real editor was Ben Jonson, who acted under the directions of Lord Bacon. Mr. Smith, in support of his theory, quotes a letter from Tobie Matthes to the Lord Viscount St. Albans, containing this remarkable postscript: "The most prodigious wit I ever knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another." By "another," it is assumed that Tobie alludes to Shakspeare, who usurped the honors due to Bacon.

It is a well known fact that Shakspeare was singularly regardless of fame. His editor, Malone, when criticizing the play called the "London Prodigal," says: "One knows not which most to admire—the impudence of the printer in affixing our great poet's name to a comedy, publicly acted at his own theatre, of which it is very improbable that he should have written a single line, or Shakspeare's negligence of fame in suffering such a piece to be impudently put in him without taking the least of it." This indifference is indeed a very startling circumstance; but was it not equally remarkable in Lord Bacon, if he were the author of the dramas attributed to Shakspeare? Mr. Smith denies that Shakspeare had sufficient talents or learning to write these dramas; but he wrote the poems of "Venus and Adonis," of "Tarquin and Lucrece," and the "Sonnets."

These are proofs of his abilities, and to make good Mr. Smith's argument, he must prove that Shakspeare was not their author. But there is other evidence of Shakspeare's genius in the praises of him accorded by his contemporaries and transmitted to us. Take the following from Fuller: "Many were the wit combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I beheld them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

All educated persons must take a lively interest in whatever relates to the fame of the Bard of Avon, and we have therefore given the salient features of this new controversy. Each must decide for himself between Bacon and Shakspeare. Mr. Smith delivered a lecture on the subject at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley street, London, but it does not appear that he has as yet made any converts.

INFLUENCE OF CITY LIFE.—Rev. Dr. Scott, the eminent Presbyterian divine, has been lecturing before the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco. His views of the influence of city life on youth widely differ from many who have treated of the subject, but are well worthy attention:

The country and the village may be the best place for the birth and early training of youth; but it is in the excitement of the city that the highest developments of mind are made. The powerful minds that have swayed the destinies of mankind, though not commonly born in the great city, have generally gone to reside there, to feel the pressure of that activity which would draw out their strength, and to find a theatre suitable for their talents. Our men of letters have their homes in or near our largest cities. Hume, whose authority is great in all matters of mere literary experience, says that "a great city is the only fit residence for a man of letters." This is true. In the country there may be leisure, but there will be a want of impulse for intellectual pursuits. The mind languishes in the midst of a wilderness. "Tis better," in the development of intellect, "to dwell in the midst of alarms, than reign in a horrible solitude. The mind without congenial spirits stagnates. It gathers the rust of decay," as the immortal Chalmers says, "by its mere distance from sympathy and example." See his policy of cities. It is the presence of libraries and of literary men, and under the pressure of intense excitement, that the human mind ordinarily comes forth in its greatest power.

MORAL INSANITY.

A HIT AT THE HUNTINGTON CASE.

LONG LOBED LAMS: You will find my text done up as nice as a sore toe in a bundle of papers, with a piece of red tape raped 'round,' a layin' on de shelf ob de Sprune Court in de City Hall. De papers belong to Massa Jim Brady, and de sujet for consideration am what he calls de

ABBREVIATION OB MIND,
OR, MORAL INSANITY.

And you will find dings in dem papers dat you nebbber diemt ob in your numskulls.

De time was, my frens, when crazy folks was known and panted out to you, eder in de lunatic asylum or strait jacket, but now-a-days its different. Crazy fellers can run loose, keep fast women, fast houses, and de fastest ob houses—swell in de best 'iety, and we nebbber dreme, til dey git into a fix, but what dey am as sane, and as full ob common sense as some ob you niggers am ob meneness and stinginess.

Things hab changed mitly eben in my day—de same tings we used to call swindling, cheating, robbery, forgery and murder am now known no longer by dere oney names, but am all classed under de head ob Abbreviation ob de mind and moral insanity.

If you meet a seedy chap in de street late, at nite and he comes up and axes you what time it am, and when you pull out your watch to tell him he lams you ober de head wid a club, grabs de watch and runs off wid it—don't you say nuffin to him, but if you hab time to do it, put your hand in your pocket and grab him your small change, kase de poor feller wants it—he's laboring under de Abbreviation ob Mind, and wants de watch and de money, poor fellow. Dat class hab got it bad and needs our sympathy.

Dis dreadful situation facts different men different from de odder. For instink—sposen I was still in de clam business, and Pete Lederface, dat sits ober dar wid his arm around Percella Jans Nabbins, was to buy a hundred clams ob me on trust, till he made a hit in de policy shop. Well, sposen Jim Taterlip was to find it out, on benouns to me he war to call on Pete and tell him dat I sent him for de two shellings for de clams. Well Pete, he being an onuspishious darkey, he gubs him de money, and as soon as Jim gits it he goes off on a fuddle, and spends de hole ob it widout coming anie me. Den Jim would hab it in a berry mild form—but sposen Pete was a cunning ole darkey, and when Jim come to him for de money he war to say to him, "No, sir, I don't gub no money widout an order from Purfesser Hannibal herself." Well, den, sposen Jim go off and git a piece ob paper and rite de order for de money and sine my name to de same—den he hab it bad, and need all de care and kind 'tention his frens can gub him. Darfore you see de was de crime am dat de man commits de more his mind am Abbreviated, or cut short, and de more he am to be treated wid pity and sich tings.

In view ob dese tings I beg to offer a series ob resolutions, which I hope to see go down wid you like a fry on de half-shell. Firstly, I resolve dat all de prisons in de country be burned down, and beautiful palaces be put in dar place, and insted ob cells and de iron bedstol now in woge, a splendid room, carpeted and lounge up to de present style ob de dif avenue, and insted ob putting de inmates to work for de State, I want a theatre, a library, a park (and a pair ob hosses and a sarvant for each lunatic) added to every establishment ob de kind. Den dese poor suffering, neglected mortals wood be properly taken care of.

Dere's no use ob habben prisons no more, kase if de Police does cotch bad fellers and jugs dem, de gubnor comes and opens de doors ob dem dam can raise enuff to pay de turnkey, and luffs dem go to rob and steel, and become a leprocy to de community.

Derefore I pronounce de resolution carried fere I put it.

De moral ob dis lecture am dis—Don't put no fail in dis modern insanity, nor noosh nonsense. If a feller tries to cheat you, jis go at him as if he was a thief or a scoundrel, and I'll bet a shilling stew against 3 crabs dat you'll hit de right nail on de head.

Br